



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

## V.—LODOWICK BRYSKET AND BERNARDO TASSO.

Some years ago I had occasion to mention Lodowick Brysket's poem 'The Mourning Muse of Thestylis' where "various portents which, Virgil tells us, attended the death of Julius Caesar are rather naively borrowed and made to attend the death of Sir Philip Sidney" (A. J. P. XXIX 4). I have lately happened on an explanation of this passage, namely, that Brysket, after the manner of his day, is paraphrasing the work of an Italian poet. For his whole poem is a paraphrase of Bernardo Tasso's 'Selva nella morte del Signor Aluigi da Gonzaga'. Even the arrangement of rhyme is borrowed with the rest.

The relation between the two poems can be seen only by reading them side by side; but they are too long to quote, and only specimen passages can be printed here. I take the English text from 'Spenser's Minor Poems', edited by Ernest de Sélincourt, Oxford, 1910, pp. 347-352; the Italian, from 'I tre libri de gli Amori di M. Bernardo Tasso', Venice, 1555, pp. 189-196.

Each poem begins by invoking the Nymphs of a stream, and then goes on with a complaint to Mars:

Come forth ye Nymphes come forth, forsake your watry bowres,  
Forsake your mossy caues, and help me to lament:  
Help me to tune my dolefull notes to gurgling sound  
Of *Liffes* tumbling streames: etc.

Voi meco fuor de l'acque fresche e uiue,  
De uostri christallini antri e muscosi,  
Nimphe del picciol Rhen; uoi meco a paro  
De gli usati dilette al tutto schiue  
5 Piangete il gran Luigi; etc.

Each poem sets forth the grief of Nature at the hero's death:

Thou shouldst haue seen the trees refuse to yeeld their shade,  
And wailing to let fall the honor of their head,  
30 And birds in mournfull tunes lamenting in their kinde:  
Vp from his tombe the mightie *Corineus* rose,  
Who cursing oft the fates that this mishap had bred,

His hoary locks he tare, calling the heauens vnkinde.  
 The *Thames* was heard to roare, the *Reyne* and eke the *Mose*,  
 35 The *Schald*, the *Danow* selfe this great mischance did rue,  
 With torment and with grief; their fountains pure and cleere  
 Were troubled, and with swelling flouds declar'd their woes.

20 Lui piansero le piante; e d'ogn' intorno  
 Spogliar d'ombre il terren, lui dolcemente  
 Pianser gli augelli; e'l gran padre Appennino  
 Vscendo fuor del cauernoso monte  
 Si uolse contra il cielo, e feramente  
 25 Accusò i fati, e'l suo crudel destino;  
 Et fece a i bianchi uelli oltraggi e onte:  
 S' udi il Mincio lagnar pien di tormento,  
 Et spogliato di gioia e di diletto  
 Turbar il puro suo lucido fonte.

The Nymphs cry out against his cruel fate, but "old father Neptune", or "il gran Benaco", checks their "vaine requests" (B. 38-53; T. 30-48).

The dying Sidney's prayer is the dying prayer of the young Gonzaga (B. 56-71; T. 49-67):

O Lord if ought this fraile  
 And earthly carcasse haue thy seruice sought t' aduaunce,  
 If my desire haue bene still to relieue th' opprest:  
 If Iustice to maintaine that valour I haue spent  
 65 Which thou me gau'st; or if henceforth I might aduaunce  
 Thy name, thy truth, then spare me (Lord) if thou think best;  
 Forbeare these vnripe yeares.

s'unqua giouai con quel ualore,  
 Che tu mi desti, altrui; se mai sospinto  
 Dal zelo del tuo amore, honeste parti  
 Difendendo, saluai ragione, e'l uero  
 Lasciando del mio sangue il terren tinto:  
 60 Et s'io posso giouar, tu che comparti  
 I giorni nostri, e uedi ogni pensiero,  
 Deh non uoler de l'immatura etate  
 Coglier il fior.

Only, the English poem has a conventional substitute for the "hope to see his Pilot face to face when he has crossed the bar":

e se di morte il mare  
 Pur solcar mi conuien; tu mio nocchiero,  
 65 Tu Tìphi, a le tue riue alme e beate  
 Conduci il legno, e nol lasciar errare  
 Lungamente lontan dal uero porto.

The simile in the English poem, 74-75 :

or like in field to purple flowre,  
Which languisheth being shred by culter as it past,

is not taken from Tasso. It comes from Virgil, Aen. ix 435-6 :

purpureus veluti cum flos succisus aratro  
languescit moriens.

Then we have the grief of those that stood by :

A trembling chilly cold ran throgh their veines, which were  
With eies brimfull of teares to see his fatall howre,  
Whose blustering sighes at first their sorrow did declare,  
Next, murmuring ensude ; at last they not forbear  
80 Plaine outcries, all against the heau'ns that enuiously  
Depriv'd vs of a spright so perfect and so rare.

Cosi detto, un tremor freddo e gelato  
Ne l'ossa entro de circonstanti ; e alzare  
70 S'udir le gride al ciel, ch'a si gran torto  
Noi di spirto si degno hauea priuato.

And this is followed by a list of portents (B. 82-92 ; T. 72-97) which should be compared with Virgil, Geor. i 466-488.

The lament of Sidney's 'Stella' (93-127) is the lament of Gonzaga's 'sister' (98-101 ; 112-140) :

Ah that thou hadst but heard his louely *Stella* plaine  
Her greeuous losse, or seene her heauie mourning cheere,  
95 While she with woe opprest, her sorrowes did vnfold.  
Her hair hung lose neglect, about her shoulders twaine,  
And from those two bright starres, to him sometime so deere,  
Her heart sent drops of pearle, etc.

Allhor ueduto hauresti la sorella  
Co i crini sparsi, e senza leggiadria  
100 In uesta uedouil chiari christalli  
Versar dal cor per l'una e l'altra stella ; etc.

But Brysket has another mourner to bring in, and the most complimentary part of his borrowed fancy is reserved for Sidney's 'noble sister' (B. 128-144 ; T. 102-112).

The world is darkened, and seafaring is made dangerous (B. 145-156 ; T. 143-147, 168-183) :

145 The aire did help them mourne, with dark clouds, raine and mist,  
Forbearing many a day to cleare it selfe againe,  
Which made them eftsoones feare the daies of *Pirra* shold,  
Of creatures spoile the earth, etc.

Pianse del suo dolor piu giorni il cielo  
 Senza mostrarsi mai chiaro, o sereno  
 Tal, che teme del secol nostro il fine  
 La terra, e i di di Pirrha, etc.

The lamenting of the Medway and of its Nymphs and shepherds is taken from the Italian poem, but it is brought in in a different order (B. 157-170; T. 148-167):

The Medwaies siluer streames, that wont so still to slide,  
 Were troubled now and wrothe: whose hidden hollow caues  
 Along his banks with fog then shrowded from mans eye,  
 160 Ay *Phillip* did resownd, aie *Phillip* they did crie, etc.

L'ollio<sup>1</sup> piu puro che l'elettro, l'onde  
 Turbò, l'onde lucenti; e d'atro uelo,  
 150 D'atra nebbia si cinse, e a le genti  
 Per piu giorni s'ascose; le sue sponde  
 Luigi risonar, Luigi intorno, etc.

In the remainder of the English poem the paraphrase is carried on in more regular fashion (B. 171-195; T. 184-212):

But thou (O blessed soule) doest haply not respect,  
 These teares we shead, though full of louing pure affect,  
 Hauing affixt thine eyes on that most glorious throne,  
 Where full of maiestie the high creator reignes. . . .  
 190 All haile therefore O worthie *Phillip* immortall,  
 The flowre of *Sydneyes* race, the honour of thy name,  
 Whose worthie praise to sing, my *Muses* not aspire,  
 But sorrowfull and sad these teares to thee let fall,  
 Yet with their verses might so farre and wide thy fame  
 195 Extend, that enuies rage, nor time might end the same.

Ma tu spirto gentil forse non degni,  
 185 Forse non curi le lagrime uiue  
 Sparse con puro affetto; e ad altro intese  
 Hai le tue luci; ne la chiara fronte  
 Di quel Motor eterno de le stelle; . . .  
 Salue dunque Luigi illustre e diuo,  
 Io, benche sprezzi il don basso e humile  
 De le lagrime mie, mesto ti spargo  
 Narcisso, caltha, nardo, e sempreuio,  
 210 Sempre uerde amarantho; e eterno Aprile  
 Prego a la gloria tua sì, che lethargo  
 Non spenga del tuo honor la chiara tromba.

---

Another of the group of poems which were called forth by the death of Sidney is "A Pastorall Aeglogue upon the Death

<sup>1</sup>The River Oglio.

of Sir Phillip Sidney, Knight, etc." This was signed 'L. B.', and it is usually attributed to Lodowick Brysket, the author of 'The Mourning Muse of Thestylis'. Some editors have insisted that it was very unlikely that one of Sidney's friends would write two dirges for him; others have found the two poems so much alike in tone that they have not hesitated to attribute them to the same writer.

The reason of this resemblance in tone is that they were both taken from Bernardo Tasso. The 'Pastorall Aeglogue' is a paraphrase of Tasso's first eclogue, 'Alcippo'. A certain amount of conventional matter is added, and the Italian dirge is divided between two singers. The amount of actual translation appears even greater than in the 'Mourning Muse'—a result of the use of a shorter line.

- Hear'st thou the *Orown*? how with hollow sownd  
 5 He slides away, and murmuring doth plaine,  
 And seemes to say vnto the fading flowres,  
 Along his bankes, vnto the bared trees;  
*Phillisides* is dead. . . . .  
 But if my plaints annoy thee where thou sit  
 40 In secret shade or cave; vouchsafe (O *Pan*)  
 To pardon me, and here this hard<sup>1</sup> constraint  
 With patience while I sing, and pittie it.  
 And eke ye rurall *Muses*, that do dwell  
 In these wilde woods; If euer piteous plaint  
 45 We<sup>2</sup> did endite, or taught a wofull minde  
 With words of pure affect, his griefe to tell,  
 Instruct me now. . . . .  
*Colin. Phillisides* is dead. O harmfull death,  
 50 O deadly harme. Vnhappie *Albion*  
 When shalt thou see emong thy shepheards all,  
 Any so sage, so perfect? . . . . .  
 55 Behold the sacred *Pales*, where with haire  
 Vntrust she sitts, in shade of yonder hill.  
 And her faire face bent sadly downe, doth send  
 A floud of teares to bathe the earth; and there  
 Doth call the heau'ns despightfull, enuious,  
 60 Cruell his fate . . . . .  
 The Nymphs and *Oreades* her round about  
 Do sit lamenting on the grassie grene;  
 65 And with shrill cries, beating their whitest breasts,

<sup>1</sup> One or two editors read 'sad', probably because of a misprint. The Italian original has 'duro caso'.

<sup>2</sup> Misprinted in all the editions, for 'Ye'. The Italian original has 'dettaste'.

- Accuse the direfull dart that death sent out  
 To giue the fatall stroke. The starres they blame,  
 That deafe or carelesse seeme at their request.  
 The pleasant shade of stately groues they shun ;  
 70 They leaue their cristall springs, where they wont frame  
 Sweet bowres of Myrtel twigs and Lawrel faire,  
 To sport themselues free from the scorching Sun.  
 And now the hollow caues where horror darke  
 Doth dwell, whence banisht is the gladsome aire  
 75 They seeke . . . . .  
 95 Loe father *Neptune*, with sad countenance,  
 How he sitts mourning on the strond now bare.  
 . . . . . His sacred skirt about  
 100 The sea-gods all are set ; from their moist caues  
 All for his comfort gathered there they be.  
 The *Thamis* rich, the *Humber* rough and stout,  
 The fruitful *Seuerne*, with the rest are come  
 To helpe their Lord to mourne . . . . .  
 Eke wailful *Eccho*, forgetting her deare  
 110 *Narcissus*, their last accents, doth resownd.  
*Col. Phillisides* is dead. O lucklesse age ;  
 O widow world ; O brookes and fountains cleere ;  
 O hills, O dales, O woods that oft haue rong  
 With his sweet caroling . . . . .  
 When shall you heare againe like harmonie ?  
 So sweet a sownd, who to you now imparts ?  
 125 Loe where engraued by his hand yet liues  
 The name of *Stella*, in yonder bay tree.  
 Happie name, happie tree ; faire may you grow,  
 And spred your sacred branch . . . . .  
 135 *Lyc. Phillisides* is dead. O happie sprite,  
 That now in heau'n with blessed soules doest bide :  
 Looke down a while from where thou sitst aboue,  
 And see how busie shepheards be to endite  
 Sad songs of grief, their sorrowes to declare,  
 140 And gratefull memory of their kynd loue.  
 Behold my selfe with *Colin*, gentle swaine  
 (Whose lerned *Muse* thou cherisht most whyleare)  
 Where we thy name recording, seeke to ease  
 The inward torment and tormenting paine,  
 145 That thy departure to vs both hath bred ;  
 Ne can each others sorrow yet appease.
- Odi quel rio, che mormorando piagne ;  
 Et par che dica con dogliosi accenti,  
 Alcippo è morto, . . . . .  
 Perdona mi Iddio Pan, se caldo e stanco,  
 Hor che da mezzo 'l ciel ne scorge il Sole  
 Forse ti dormi in qualche ombra soaue :

- Et con pietate ascolta il duro caso :  
 10 Et uoi Muse siluestri, se parole  
 Ad angoscioso cor dettaste un quanto  
 Piene di puro e di dolente effetto;<sup>1</sup>  
 Queste sian quelle; hor cominciate homai,  
 Mentre taccion le diue di Parnasso.  
 15 Alcippo è morto, o smisurato affanno.  
 Adria infelice, quando unque uedrai,  
 Fra tuoi figli un sì saggio e sì perfetto?  
 21 Vedi la sacra e honorata Pale  
 Col crine sciolto, e col bel uolto chino  
 L'erbe bagnar di lachrime, e auaro  
 Chiamar il ciel; e maligno il suo fato;  
 25 E intorno a lei con uoci alte e dogliose  
 L'Oreadi gridar; e'l fero strale  
 Biasmar di morte, e' la parca superba;  
 Ne piu tornar ne l'alte selue ombrose  
 De cari monti, o al lor soggiorno usato :  
 30 Ma disprezzando i lor lucidi fonti  
 Cercar il piu riposto oscuro horrore.  
 33 Vedi il padre Netunno; e seco insieme  
 Tutti i Dei d'Adria del lor salso fuore  
 Seder nel lido con le meste fronti;  
 Per cui conforto al sacro lembo intorno  
 Stanno il uecchio Benaco, e'l suo bel figlio,  
 Quel, che d'Antenor ne le riue freme,  
 L'Adige, il Po, il Tesin, l'Adda, el Metauro  
 40 Cinti di fronda di cupresso il ciglio.  
 43 Odi la dolente Echo, che in oblio  
 Posto Narcisso suo caro thesauro,  
 Ripiglia il fin de lor pietosi gridi.  
 55 Alcippo morto, hor meco piagni ahi mondo,  
 Pouero mondo, eta uile e negletta;  
 Quando ne le tue schole o Pale hauesti  
 Pastor a lui simile, ne secondo?  
 Quando l'haurai? e (sia detto con pace  
 60 D'ogn' altro) o selue, o piagge apriche, o riue,  
 Que solea con sua greggia talhora  
 Cantar errando dolci rime agresti,  
 Quando udirete mai sì chiaro suono?  
 Si soaue armonia? ecco, ch'anchora  
 65 Impresso di sua man nel tronco uiue  
 Di quel Mirtho Aretusa, o lieta pianta,  
 O ben nato arbuscel, cresca il bel nome  
 Col tronco insieme, e le sue frondi dono  
 Primo d'Apollo, e de l'alte sorelle,  
 70 Cingano ogn'hor le piu famose chiome.

---

<sup>1</sup> Apparently a misprint for 'affetto'.



Alcippo è morto, o chiara anima santa,  
Che nel piu degno e honorato loco  
Del cielo scorgi il suo ricco lauoro,  
Et sotto a i piedi tuoi uagar le stelle :  
75 Mira da quel celeste altero albergo  
D'altra corona ornata, che d'alloro  
Ogni pastor per te di pianger roco,  
Sparger di frondi l'arido terreno;  
E ombrar le fonti di frondoso ramo;  
80 Vedi me, che di pianto il uolto aspergo,  
Et con Icasto, e col dotto Palemo,  
Soura la tomba il tuo bel nome chiamo;  
Odi Mirtilla ; che si batte il seno.

W. P. MUSTARD.

THE JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY.